It is not strange that men love the mountains, and that so many seek in their heights and shades, and by their streams, reat from the weariness of bosy life. Their elevation gives repose. Standing where the greathills are far below, and to the eye are merged into one west plains a rich mosaic of barrest

was October, and the earth was arrayed in her loveliest garb. Basil was honestly fond of nature, and almost before he was aware the evil mood had passed away. He would still have a hundred dollars a month to do what he pleased with, he told himself, and by being "awfully economical" he might pull through.

A couple of miles from the college Basil came upon Gilbert Hazen trudging sturdily across the fields. He was very pale, and looked as if he was just recovering from a serious illness.

solved as if he was just recovering from a serious illness.

"How are you, Hazen?" said Basil, more heartly than he knew. "Been sick?"
Gilbert nodded his head.

"They'll all be glad to see you," said Basil. "There's been no end of fuss about your staying away."

hash. "There's been no end of tuss about your staying away."

"And I am not going back to stay now," said Gilbert. "I only want to see the president a few moments."

"Not going back to stay!" repeated Basil in construction.

in consternation.

"No," replied his companion, "my father has lost all his money, and I have got to go

to work."
"Jerioho!" exclaimed Basil. "Then you, who don't need it, have got to have a course of pinch, and I who do am only cut down to half rations. Well, if that isn't ru double

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

A Trip to California.

SACRAMENTO, October 16, 1879.

Messrs. Editors:—In accordance with your wish that I should note and write some of my observations and impressions of my western trip, you will allow me to step across the easterly part of the route and introduce you to transfer grounds on the westerly border of Iowa. These grounds are two miles west from Council Bluffs and half a mile east of Missouri river bridge. This place is the connecting link between the great East and the broad and growing Weat. Here all passengers, baggage, express and mails arriving from the east change to the cars of the Union Pacific. Here the Union Company have erected a large fine building, the Union Pacific depot and hotel, which

Company have erected a large fine building, the Union Pacific depot and hotel, which affords ample accommodations for passengers, and for the transaction of all kinds of business connected with the transfer. On the eastern side of this building, side by side terminate the tracks of four eastern competing railroads, all of which make daily connections between the Overland and Chicago. These are some of the privated

The valley is so broad and acreage so great that, although mowing-machines are trying to make some impression, still there must a large per cent of it go uncut. Judging from what I can see in making a hasty pas-sage through this valley of the richness of the soil from the growth of vegetation, and the beautiful view of its surroundings, I con-sider it one of the richest sections I passed through

CHEYENNE.

Cheyenne is the capital of Wyoming, elevated six thousand feet. Its buildings, both public and private, are an ornament to any town or city. This is the half-way station between Omaha and Ogden, five hundred and sixteen miles apart. Here the Denver road makes a junction with the Union Paoific. The growing of cattle and making beef by ranchmen is the chief business in these localities. No field or garden is cultivated, the season being too short and cold. tivated, the season being too short and cold. From here our ascent is much more rapid, and we are now high in the mountains and advancing into a wild, rugged region. On either side may be seen high, bold masses of

he is eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea. From here we pass along winding our way through gorges and on the mountain side, at times making curves so short as apparently to meet our own or an approaching train. As we are passing along the summit the surrounding country is opened to our view. And now, as the Black Hills are pointed out to us far away in the north, the Utah Mountains in the west, we can in a measure realize we are high up in the mountains. In look-ing far away through space across the

the beautiful view of its surroundings, I consider it one of the richest sections I passed through.

We have now left the Platte in the rear, and are ascending the mountain side surrounded by broad swells of prairie farming lands, on which were numbers of large herds of cattle, accompanied by the herds men. So it continued until we gradually ascended the mountain. The swells grew less broad and more abrupt. We are now at CHEYENNE.

Cheyenne is the capital of Wyoming, elevated six thousand feet. Its buildings, both public and private, are an ornament to any town or city. This is the half-way station between Omaha and Ogden, five hundred and sixteen miles apart. Here the Denver road makes a junction with the Union

Moral and Religious.

UNSPOKEN PRAYER

"Dear Lord, my languid lips are dur See what I cannot speak." Just as the wearned child, Through sobbing pain opprest, Drops, fushing all its wallings wild, Upon its mother's breast.

hills are far below, and to the eye are merged into one vast plain, a rich mosaic of harvest field and meadow, wood and water; where clouds hover lovingly near, and sometimes stooping down wrap all in their gray mantle—we have a peculiar feeling of separation from the busy world of daily life. These vast ranges, where rocks were riven and heaped by an Almighty hand, quiet us by their grandeur, and awaken a feeling akin to reverence, and yet their deep shades and tangled thickets and clear streams entrance us, and constrain us to linger and share the joys they keep in store for those who love them. The light, clear atmosphere, the unbroken hemisphere of sky, the wide-reaching views, give a sense of immensity that dwarfs the things of a lower plane; the works of men sink into littleness in the presence of these great works of God. * * * The prayer of wordies binguing wrought, Then yet will design to hear. For when, at best, I pleast— What so my soirt shift.— I coly am the hershed reed.

And thou, the hershed prests.— Select The Emotional Life of Jesus.

appearance. As we leave the Eik Valley we pass into the PLATTE VALLEY, which is no less interesting, for the valley takes wider form. The bluffs that skirt its border take a higher range, giving tham at a distance the appearance of hills and mountains. Our course for two hundred miles is through this sane rich valley of the Platte river. The first fifty miles from Omaha, on the line of the railroal, the lands appear to be nearly all improved, but as we appears not be nearly all improved, but as we appears to be nearly all improved, but as we appears to be nearly all improved, but as we appear to be nearly all improved, but as we appears not the interior they are less so, except near towns and stations, which are not unfrequent. Fremont, forty-seven miles from Omaha, has the appearance of thrift and enterprise. At this place the Sioux City and Pacific railroad connects with 'the Union Pacific. All through this valley, where the lands had not been broken and cultivated, there was a heavy growth of unout bay. The valley is so broad and acreage so great that, although moving-machines are brighted from what I can see in making a hasty passage through this valley of the richness of the soil from the growth of vegetation, and the control of the cont piness or unuappaness. They were like ripples on the surface of the stream, made by
its flow, and, we are ready to imagine, enjoyed by the stream that made them, not
sought by the stream for themselves, nor
even obscurring the stream's consciousness of
its deeper-currents. The supreme sorrow of
the cross was never sought because it was
sorrowful, and even while he hung in agony
it never obscured the certainty of his own
holiness in the great Sufferer's soul. These
are the perpetual characteristics of the emtional life of Jesus, which our theology has
often conjured out of sight, but which are
of unspeakable value, as I think; for a clear
understanding of them puts the man who
suffered and enjoyed more than any other
man that ever lived in a noble and true relation to his suffering and joy, and makes his
pain and pleasure a gospel to men in their
sadness and their gladness everywhere.

timacy of the union in the one creative work that the problem of their exact demarcation, analytically and critically, is one of great de-icacy and difficulty, perhaps never to be fully solved—needful as it is to recognize the distinction in thought, and hold the book on The Dome Circle.

In the quiet nursery chambers, sincery pillows still unpressed, fee the forms of little children, Kneeling, switter-obset for their rest. All in quiet nursery chambers, While the dusty smallow creep, Hear the values of the children— "New I lay use down to sheep."

On the mondew and the mountain Calody shine the scinter stars, But across the gludesing low lames Stant the monolight's silvery bars, In the effected and the darkness. Darkness growing slift mean deep, Losion to the little shidders, Fraying God their souls to keep,

"If we die" so pray the children,
And the mother's head droops to
One from out the fold is sheeting
Deep learnest the winter's snow.
"Take ver suiter" and past the ca
Fore a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of the garment.
Walking evermore to white.

this comforterwist, the Sarfour mapsais ably endears insmell to that sour leaves and the passed together in the first is by burging in large quantities, and they passed together in the Macdonian prison. And the souls on which the Lord John and they passed together in the first is by burging in large quantities, or many in first is by burging in large quantities of the souls on which the Lord John and they passed together in the first is by burging in large quantities, or many the limits to "ran and "A program of the souls on which the Lord John and the residual prison. And the souls on which the Lord John and the passed together in the first is by burging in large quantities of the souls which is indeed to the passed to the souls of the souls have been sould be an indicated to which a fairbound and the rest pats away. The sould be an indicated to which a many the sould be an indicated to which a many the souls are the sound and the souls of the souls have been sould be a souls as the souls of the souls of the souls have been sould be an indicated to which and a souls are the sound and the souls of the souls have been sould be sould as a serie of the souls have been sould be a souls as the souls are the sound and the souls of the souls have been sould be a s

The contract will be the proof of the co

patient years. The love which is lavished on the baby, on the little boy and girl, on the lad in his teens, and the lass in her bloom, is paid back with interest when the man and the woman have reached maturity, and the father and mother are descending the evening slopes of life.—Christian at Work.

Mid-Autumn.

Why not mid-autumn as well as midsummer? The grand elimacteric of the season occurs in these magnificent October days, when there is a glimmer of gold and a glory of crimson on maple and elm, when the oak flushes to a deep wine-red, and through the branches, growing thinner of leaves as the wind sifts the loose ones to the ground, one sees such a sky as canopies no other month in the year. Now is the time for gathering autumn leaves. Gay parties of girls go merrily to the forests, or thread the mary windings of the parks, bringing home their splendid spoils, to make the walls brighter and wreathe around favorite pictures. How sail, when on so innocent an errand a swift death overtakes one full of youth, beauty, high hopes and health, as at Englewood the other day! Now is the time for autumn sheaves. What have you reaped from the fields this summer? What did you sow in the spring-time? What have been your aims, your endeavors, your attainments and your rewards in the harvest of life? Is it of you that "Nothing but leaves" shall be written when the Master asks for your account at the end of the day? Or have you toiled so bravely, and prayed so faithfully, and lived so lovingly, that a glad pealm is in your heart and a thought of praise on your tongue as the time wears on? Midautumn in the year holds the pulses of summer in its rich noontide, and, to some of us, in the mellow autumn of experience there ought to be summer-light and love, though we are growing older. Winter is coming, but winter is still far away. Still the winds fan us tenderly, and the flowers linger, and the hills are veiled with a delicate alivery haze, and the rivers sparkle in the sunshine. We cannot realize that only a few weeks later and we will be thinking of furs and overcoats, of stoves and weather-stripa, and bending all our energies to keeping warm. Search of the thronous of a higher of the thronous of through the thronous of the thronous of through through through the through thro

Select Miscellany.

in swaying roles of gorgeons dyes The groves are dealed for eacrifice

The shricking jay and out-bird shrill Make merry on you sonny bill.

The strunken, languid, ellent stream With mirrored colors now doth glean

O time of dreams, O wondrows day. Thy heatic blooms presage decay.